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Roxbury, Dec. 15, 1858.

My dear Wendell:

Your congratulatory letter, on my 64th year completed, reached me seasonably, and, bringing also "messages of affection and reverence" from George, added much to the pleasure of the occasion. By a singular coincidence, I was called on that day to go to Plymouth, to participate in the funeral services pertaining to the interment of Mrs. Bourne Spooner, in company with Samuel May, Jr. Her death was a happy release from much pain and suffering, she having been confined to her bed for the past three months - her disease having a dropsical termination. Although the weather was severely cold, the rooms were filled with those who came to show their respect for her memory as one who, as wife and mother, had set a most excellent example, and whose interest

in the Anti-Slavery cause had been so long and so hospitably manifested. I was glad to find that dear Mr. Spooner was sustained under his heavy bereavement by those considerations which should ever be connected with our mortality and a future life. As he is in his 79th year, it cannot be long before he will follow her. They had lived together in wedlock more than fifty-five years, and it seemed to be one protracted honeymoon throughout.

To-day Mr. May's mother completes her 81st year; and a few days ago his father completed his 92d. They are both in comfortable health.

Your mother seems to have quite recovered from her recent attacks, and now sleeps as soundly as formerly; but she seems to have less animal heat, and complains of increasingly cold feet and hands. We shall watch over her with increasing care and vigilance.

I am a good deal weakened by excess of urinal discharges, indicating a tendency to diabetes. Dr. Geist has me under treatment, but thus far his prescriptions seem to be wholly inoperative.

Ellie's baby-boy is blossoming with the measles, but no anxiety is felt on his account. He is a fine little fellow.

Fanny has taken her babe this afternoon, and gone to Medford to spend the night with the Ayers family.

Richard D. Webb has returned to us from Concord, N. H., having passed a very agreeable week at Mrs. Pillsbury's. His daughter Deborah is improving rapidly under Dr. Dow's treatment at Providence; her last exploit having been a successful walk of four miles. Pretty well for an invalid and a cripple! Richard is also improving in his general condition. Your various parcels for him have been duly received, and thankfully appreciated.

Thursday, Dec. 17, 1888.

I have been prevented from finishing my letter till to-day. Yesterday Fanny completed her 24th year, and was duly congratulated by us all. I am forty years and four days older. ~~At this age~~ I wonder whether, after our translation to the Spirit land, we shall begin a new score like infants, or keep on numbering our years as though no change had happened.

Richard D. Webb tells me that you are his banker, and desires me to request you to send him one hundred dollars on account.

Dr. Geist thinks there are no indications of diabetes in my case.

I send ~~you~~ back M. R.'s note to you, complaining of the criticism in The Nation upon Anna Dickinson's abominably lauded work, "What Answer?" It is amusing to see what sensitiveness to plain dealing exists in a certain quarter in which

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plain (not to say abusive) dealing is so freely indulged, and so vauntingly upheld.

I was glad to see the review in The Nation, and thought it as discriminating as it was needed. It is surprising, as a matter of literary taste and judgment, that Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Childs should have written in such strains of puregory about the book. Anna has had lavished on her so much praise as to require some qualification of it to prevent her from "getting exalted above measure."

M. G. very kindly exonerates you from all responsibility in regard to the review of which she complains! In your reply to her - if you made any - I presume you indicated no wish to shirk the responsibility, though not the writers of the review.

Filton and Bowen do not appear disposed to take any notice of the clerical gentlemen at Chicago, who, in the Tribune of that city, have made some serious charges as to the orthodoxy, or rather lack of orthodoxy,

of the Independent. Probably that is the most sensible way of dealing with this impeachment for heresy; yet the complainants seems to have Mr. Bowen in a tight place, in regard to his pledges to them to make the paper unmistakably evangelical in its tone.

Now that Mr. McKim is home again, do for me what I meant to have done myself by letter before he left Chicago, thank him for his interesting epistle to me, and for the copies of the Tribune he sent to me, respecting the Freedmen's Commission. I hope his pecuniary success was quite equal to his expectations. So much money had been given to promote Grant's election, the pockets of the Chicago Republicans must have been severely squeezed.

Harry is giving himself to the duties of his new situation with conscientious assiduity, and is certainly "the right man in the right place."

I wish I could embrace you, and Lucy, and Lloyd, but can only send most affectionate regards to you all at Angelot, and to George.
Your loving Father.